



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Novelized by Samuel Field
From the Successful Play by

ROI COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT



PROLOGUE.

Did you ever hear of a successful combination of love and business? Probably not. Well, here is the opportunity to learn just how it can be done. The greatest force in modern commercial life has undoubtedly been shown to be effective advertising, and in this interesting narrative you will see how this fact comes into operation. Based on one of the most popular plays of the year, this story will be read with interest by the business man, the ambitious youth and the trustful young girl who looks at life with more or less of perplexity. It is a story that reveals how the spirit of hope overcomes the deepest despair, even when the outlook is most disheartening. It combines the practical with the sentimental affairs of business and home life and at the same time running through it is a vein of humor irresistible in its appeal. The characters are true to life, and the net result of their activities is that you should never acknowledge defeat while you have a breath to breathe.

CHAPTER I.

A Rich Man's Son.

OLD CYRUS MARTIN, the soap king, sat in his library in no very contented frame of mind. There was a thorn in his flesh, and he began to feel it more and more. It was not an agreeable sensation, a thorn in the flesh, for a soap king whose cuticle was not accustomed to it. He traced it more or less vaguely to his meeting that morning with his old friend and rival in the soap business, John Clark. They had fallen in with each other, as often happened, at the Directors' club about lunch time, and had one of their half friendly, half hostile chats together. And to make a long story short, Martin had bet Clark \$30,000 that his son, Rodney Martin, would be making more money in a year's time than Clark's son Ellery. As neither boy had ever made a penny in his life, unless betting on a football game or winning a jackpot could be called making money, there was a fairly sporty flavor to the bargain.

The bits of business lore and anecdotes of sagacity and trade that Clark represented as coming from the precocious lips of the marvelous Ellery had finally goaded old Martin into fury. He at least knew that Rodney was a nincompoop in business, if he was his son; he had no illusions about that. But the comparisons had reached a point finally beyond which he would not let them proceed unchallenged, and so he had made his ridiculous wager and must abide by it. The prospect of turning over \$30,000 to John Clark in a year's time and admitting Rodney's incompetence to boot was devilish.

What was the matter with rich men's sons anyway? thought Cyrus Martin. Rodney's father had not spoiled him, his father's conscience was clear on that point, at least. Perhaps he had not spoiled him enough, his mother used to think so. Perhaps his mother, had she lived, with that nervous way she had of prodding people on, would have been of benefit when mere sternness had failed.

The boy had spent more money in college each year than the sum total of his father's and mother's expenses during the first childless years of their married life; not necessarily on fast living, his father was reasonably sure of that, but for luxuries and gewgaws at which young men in the old days would have turned up their noses. Rodney's father had not gone to college himself, though his parents could have sent him. He was not altogether a self made man. His own father, Rodney's grandfather, a country banker in Connecticut, had left him the heritage of a modest fortune and thrifty habits, and in the soap king's mind now these seemed more to be thankful for than half a dozen college professors and their snap courses. Yet there was nothing particular the matter with Rodney's inheritance and environment, there was just something lacking in the boy himself.

Compare Rodney, for instance, with young Rufus Plodman, son of old Eli Plodman of the State Wire and Iron works. Rufus was one of the liveliest young men in the business world, married to a nice wife and with a family growing up already. His name was beginning to be mentioned more and more. Then there was Chaucer Brinkhurst, who took the burden of the Excelsior National bank almost entirely off old Brinkhurst's

shoulders, and a good thing for the depositors too. There was even Will J. Robinson, Jr., of the Pine Hill Dye Works company, who had brought in orders that set the concern on its feet, there was good reason to believe, in just the nick of time. Compare all these and a good few others with his own young hopeful, and which name got the best of it?

The boy was attractive, too; his father had always liked him. Perhaps that was one of the chief troubles. Even as a little child he had never down into tempers or had hateful ways. His own winning and noncombative disposition had been the chief means, no doubt, of warding off the disciplines of life. He was amiable and good looking in an unobtrusive way, and everybody liked him. To look at him impartially you would not have thought he lacked character, unless you yielded too much to your prejudice against a slight lisp and an otherwise somewhat finicky way of talking. He did not run into debt now, nor overdraw his allowance, or at any rate not very much; he had never done so much, and in college he had got fairly good marks, as nearly as his father could make out, and had won his degree of A. B. without too obvious difficulty. Didn't the precious sheepskin hang framed on the wall of his room, surrounded by a veritable picture gallery of college glee clubs and equestrian and nine? Cyrus Martin had been credibly informed that you could not actually graduate from Harvard or Yale or Princeton without some portion of mentality. Where did it show itself in Rodney? As a boy he had had his flashes of cleverness and wit; what propensity had been revealed in them? Ransacking his memories, old Martin could not remember what they were; had they been merely the subjective readings of fond parents' minds? Why was Rodney so different from old Clark's boy Ellery?

Well, perhaps Clark was a good deal of a bluffer in this instance. Martin must call the bluff and win out somehow in the matter of this bet, or his life would not be worth living.

He rang the bell sharply for Johnson, his butler, prepared to have a pretty sharp twinge of gout if the summons was not promptly answered.

"Any one call this afternoon, Johnson?" he asked, when that silent footed dignitary appeared.

Johnson took a silver tray from the table near the hall door and glanced downward at it stiffly.

"The Countess de Beaurien," he said impassively.

"Who's she?" asked Mr. Martin.

"I don't know, sir. She couldn't speak a word of anything but French."



Why Was Rodney So Different From Old Clark's Boy Ellery?

Marie was off today, sir, and nobody else could get anything out of her. She claims she had a letter of introduction to you from your Paris partner, Mr. Rivard.

"Has Rivard lost his mind?" muttered Martin. "Was she old or young or pretty or what?"

"I couldn't say, sir. You can't sometimes always tell with them French ladies, sir."

"A letter from Rivard?" muttered Martin. "I don't believe it. He's never given any one a letter to me without tipping me off. Johnson, hand me that fat red book in the lower right hand corner there."

Johnson did so, and Mr. Martin be-

gan turning over the leaves rapidly, observing:

"You know, Johnson, it's easier to read French than to speak it."

"So I understand, sir," returned the butler.

"Beaucenir, Beauville—oh, here she is, Beaurien. No, she is not. A fake, Johnson, just as I supposed. The Countess de Beaurien is seventy years old, and at her death the title becomes extinct. Was the lady this afternoon as old as seventy, Johnson?"

"Oh, no, sir. Not at all, sir."

"Are you sure she asked for me and not Mr. Rodney?"

"Quite sure, sir. Miss Grayson was here, sir, and can tell you. We had a time of it."

"Some lady going into business to do America or the Americans," was Mr. Martin's inward comment. "Anybody else?" he added aloud.

"Yes, sir," said Johnson; "Mrs. Chyesmore. She left the blank for the Y. M. C. A. subscription."

"I hope you remember that I'm always out for her, Johnson."

Mr. Martin thought it really a little shameful how many times this plump lady came to see him.

"And who else? Give me that tray."

Mr. Martin took the silver and peered beneath the rims of his glasses at the bits of pasteboard. "Ambrose Peale," he read, "press representative Belle of Broadway company."

"Now who was that, Johnson?"

"He was calling on Mr. Rodney, sir," said Johnson. "He's been here several times, but never left his card before."

A press agent from a Broadway show after Rodney? The young man's father groaned inwardly. "Oh, Lord," he thought, "what next? Visions of breach of promise, of blackbird dinners, or even elopements, flashed through his mind. This settled it, Rodney simply must be anchored somehow."

"Is Mr. Rodney in, Johnson?" was the next inquiry.

"No, sir. Not now, sir."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"From 1 to 2 he was at a downtown restaurant at lunch, sir. From 2:30 to 3 he was at the horse auction company looking at a new hunter, sir. From 4 to 5 he's at the Municipal club, sir."

"Good heavens, Johnson, how do you know all that?" exclaimed Mr. Martin.

"Because he left the telephone numbers, sir, and I was to let him know if Miss Grayson came in, sir."

"And has she been here, Miss Grayson?"

"Yes, sir; she's been here since 4 o'clock, sir, doing some typing. She's still waiting for you."

"Why the devil didn't you say so, then?"

"I was coming to it presently, sir."

"Tell her to come in, then, to the library. And, Johnson, don't you bother to ring up and tell Mr. Rodney anything, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. Nothing, sir."

It was really faithless of Johnson, the soap king thought, to betray Rodney's well laid plans, but Rodney's father had plans of his own in frustrating them. Let that silly ass Johnson think what he had a mind to. He didn't want Mary Grayson for himself, and he didn't care if she was poor. She came of good stock—he had known her mother—and there could be many a worse fate for Rodney than being caught in her net. He was not sure, in point of fact, if the girl wasn't spreading her nets quietly. The old man was a shrewd judge of character, and there was an idea taking shape in the back of his mind that Mary Grayson might help him earn that \$30,000.

Mary Grayson! Well, what made young men work? Love, sometimes, and poverty and necessity. The first might stir Rodney up, if not the second and third. But why not all three?

"She stoops to conquer," he muttered to himself. To tell the truth he had heard this phrase all his life without really taking in the meaning of it. Now he had seen the old farce comedy prettily played not long ago, and the hackneyed title of it had been ringing in his ears with rather a new meaning. Rodney might be made to stoop to be conquered—to conquer himself and his laziness of a rich man's son.

On Mary Grayson's part it was not really stooping if you considered Rodney's mentality and character. He admitted it slyly. If Rodney could find an incentive in Mary Grayson, the stenographer, what did old man Martin care? He knew her for a good girl, as she was a pretty one, and nice in speech and manners than some of the widows who made heavy eyes at him from the windows of their limousines. Lots of old fellows, he thought, might feel like making up to Mary themselves. And why not? Well, one reason for Cyrus Martin was that he had known her mother. Besides—

"Did you want me, Mr. Martin?"

said Miss Grayson quietly, interrupting his reverie.

Miss Mary Grayson was as pretty as her name. Her big round eyes, that were too full of merry shrewdness to be merely doll-like, her dazzling teeth, her clear and rosy skin, her well bred figure and attractive way of dressing, made up a whole that old Martin never saw without some inward breathing of contentment. Old Martin looked up at her now with a sigh.

"Well, how are you today, Mistress Mary?" he said aloud.

"Very well indeed, thank you, Mr. Martin. I'm always well," said Miss Grayson. "Have you any letters for me today?"

They had got into the way for the last six weeks or so of having her come up to the house occasionally when Mr. Martin did not feel equal to going to the office.

"Yes, a few. But there's no hurry," he answered presently.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Grayson," he went on, "Johnson tells me you were here when that countess called this afternoon. What did you make of her?"

"Nothing, I'm sorry to say, Mr. Martin," replied Mary, laughing. "It was really too funny. I feel, as Johnson



"It was really too funny."

said, that my education has been neglected. I regret that I was not better educated, Mr. Martin, he said to me."

Mary went on in imitation of Johnson's inimitable manner. "Nothing like this has ever happened to me before, miss, but I can't make her comprehend anything I say. She just sits and waits."

"What was she like?" demanded Mr. Martin, laughing too.

"Well, she was really rather fascinating," Mary began, taking her cue from this encouragement. "And cunning too. The French always are, don't you think? And she had on a duck of a dress. She walked straight in and looked straight at me and began to jabber like a streak of lightning. The French fairly flew out of her mouth. I told her it was impossible for her to see Mr. Martin—that he was confined to the house by a severe attack of gout, and couldn't see her message?"

"And did she?"

"Well, her message sounded something like this: 'Jedestrepieramonsieur martinaproposdesAFFAIRES. Jesuisriche maisonpeutjoursetreplusriche. Sijepouvaisobtenirleagencement d'unmartinpourlafraunceaseraleunelle AFFAIRE. Jedonnerecinquantmille francspour cetteAGENCE. . . .'"

Mr. Martin's mouth fell open with amused astonishment during this tirade. He had once met a young woman who could make a noise like Sara Bernhardt without knowing more than half a dozen words of French. But Mary Grayson beat her.

"Well, well," laughed Mr. Martin.

"It's a wonderful language, French."

"Isn't it," said Mary. "So finally I tried signs and pantomime. I made a wild, sweeping gesture at her to show that you were out. She rattled on worse than before. Then I pretended Johnson was you, Mr. Martin, and I shoved him out of the door and shrieked out: 'Sometimes if you talk loud enough it seems as if they might understand you, but this one didn't. And then she began to act at Johnson and me too. She evidently wanted to know when you'd be back, whereupon I ran over to the clock and pointed violently to the figure 8."

"I told Johnson never to let her in again unless Marie was here to interpret her," said Mary in conclusion.

"Quite right," said Mr. Martin. "By the way," he added, eying his pretty secretary shrewdly, "do you think she was after Rodney? Was she young enough for that?"

"Some women are never too old for that, are they, Mr. Martin?" she said coolly.

He glanced at her furtively a moment, as she patted back her hair, looking pleasantly at the crackling fire. There had been a time in those early days, when she had first come to him, to try her hand at a secretarialship, when she had reminded him alternately of her two parents. It was in loyalty to one of them that he had given her a chance. Sometimes, in a flash, there would be a curiously vivid suggestion of her mother in her—something in the way she raised her head and looked at him, a sound in the tone of her voice as she said good morning. Such moments, for a long time, gave old Martin a sharp pang that he could not ignore even in his innermost heart. Then there was that even sharper twinge, and a curiously less pleasant one, when she reminded him of her father. He had been a handsome dog in his day, Rob Grayson—there was no denying that.

An idea was taking shape in Mr. Martin's brain pan; if only he could put it over.

CHAPTER II.

The Course of True Love.

WELL, if you're ready, my dear, here goes," Mr. Martin began briskly to his stenographer, Mary Grayson.

To John Clark, Esq., Soap Works, New York, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Confirming our conversation of even date I send you a line to record the bet made this morning between us in re our sons, Ellery Clark and Rodney Martin respectively—namely, that if my boy, by his own unaided efforts, isn't making more money at the end of a year from Nov. 1 next than your boy makes, I pay you thirty thousand dollars (\$30,000) in cash; and if he is, then you pay that sum to me; the books of their several business concerns, duly audited, to be the deciding factor. Yours very truly,

"Got that?" he added, darting a keen glance at Mary beneath his thick eyebrows.

"Yes, Mr. Martin," said that young lady in a voice which she was evidently trying to make as colorless as possible.

"Well, what do you think of it?" demanded Mr. Martin, breaking a short pause.

"I think Mr. Rodney has more brains than you give him credit for," said Mary impulsively.

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I do. But isn't \$30,000 a good deal of money to lose on a bet? Somebody always loses, you know. And Mr. Rodney has never had any business experience to speak of. You wouldn't have him in your own works, you know."

"Of course I wouldn't. I didn't want Rod posing there as the boss' son, interfering with the good discipline of the establishment. Besides, I didn't want them all down there to see what a nincompoop he was in business. I've got more pride than that."

"Aren't you a little hard on Rodney, Mr. Martin?" asked Mary gently.

"Are you a little sweet on Rodney, Miss Mary?" retorted the soap king gruffly.

She had her head bent over her work, and he couldn't see her features during this colloquy. He would have to carry the plummet line a little deeper.

"Because if you are," he went on, "I warn you, you'll have to marry him for love. He'll get no money from me unless he makes good. I shall make it will leaving him only an annuity, the principal to go to charity when he has idled himself into his grave, and I'll see to it that the annuity isn't quite enough for two, let me tell you, let alone a family of kids. I don't propose to have him or a lot of worthless grandbabies making ducks and drakes of my money when I'm gone."

"I see," said Miss Grayson. "Of course it's none of my business. Anything else, sir?"

A motor bus screeching along outside came to a full stop at the corner. Mr. Martin, who had begun to pace the room as he talked, forgetting his convenient or inconvenient gout, lingered at the window and saw two women alight and stand talking indefinitely on the sidewalk. In one of the window panes where the curtains darkened it and made a mirror he could see Mary's pretty head drooping a little, giving her body a suddenly pensive air as she gazed abstractedly into the dying fire. He turned and spoke again and was pleased to see that she started involuntarily.

"Would you mind ringing for Johnson, my dear?" he asked, more pleasantly.

(To Be Continued.)

Opening Volcanoes With Canes. Sailing across the bay of Naples, past the spot where the notable city of the present day is situated, our travelers came to Puteoli, or Pozzuoli, as it is now called, at present a decadent suburb of Naples.

This miserable and dirty town of some 10,000 inhabitants, as it now is, is connected by trolley and steam railway with Naples and is often visited by the modern tourist who wishes to see the remains of the ancient temples and amphitheater and the mighty mole, which still tell of the ancient glories of Puteoli.

Near by, too, is the volcanic field of Solfatara, not a mountain, but a flat plain, the crater of a low volcano, into which one can thrust his cane in many places and find smoke and sulphurous vapor issuing from the hole as he withdraws it. Probably there are few more dreary or disreputable places in Italy than this modern suburb of Naples. It has not the rugged picturesqueness which somewhat redeems the worst slums of Naples, but is a squalid, unwholesome town of the worst type.—Christian Herald.

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Estate of Amandus L. Goddard

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Lamoille, Commissioner, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Amandus L. Goddard, late of Hyde Park, in said district, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purposes aforesaid at the Store of Strong & Goddard in the Village of Hyde Park, in said District, on the 15th day of November and the 15th day of April next, from 10 o'clock a. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., on each of said days, and that six months from the 15th day of October A. D. 1915, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Hyde Park, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1915. WALTER D. STRONG, FRANK H. STRONG, Commissioners.

CENTRAL VT. RAILWAY

Trains Leave the following stations daily except Sunday.

IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 12, 1915

	No. 72	No. 26	No. 36
Cambridge Jct.	5:10 a. m.	5:22 a. m.	7:10 p. m.
Jeffersonville	5:15	5:24	7:14
Cambridge	5:18	5:30	7:20

Connections are to be made at Essex Junction as follows: No 72 with the Mail Train for all New England Points; No 26 with the New England States Limited Express for New England Points and with Local Passenger for Montreal; No. 36 with the night Express for all New England Points.

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Staterooms on the steamer from New London to New York may be had upon application to Mr. W. J. Grant, Ticket Agent, New London, Conn. Price \$1.00 for inside rooms and \$1.50 for outside rooms. See flyers for further particulars.

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